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The Duty of Republicans

The Republicans of New Mexico especially are confronted with an important duty in this campaign, and at the election which is now drawing near. It is a partisan duty.

If the old gang which has ruled the Republicans of New Mexico with a rod of iron for the past twenty years is properly defeated this year, it is practically defeated for all time. Its leaders will never cease their machinations and attempts to squeeze into public office so long as they live and move and have their being, but a crushing defeat of the Republican candidates at this election will mean that they will be crippled and made comparatively harmless by being deposed from the party leadership.

It is the duty of the Republicans of New Mexico to help defeat these candidates at the coming election. It is the only way for the Republican party to get on its feet in this state. It is the only way in which the Republican party may ever be brought back to the people in New Mexico. It is the only way in which the rank and file of the Republicans of New Mexico will ever get a chance to run their party, to run it according to Republican principles, to run it honestly and decently and successfully and to again make New Mexico a Republican state.

The men who control the party now are not Republicans. They are political freebooters, pirates, high-binders, sailing under the black flag. Their candidate for U. S. Senator—God save the mark—is a man who has been repeatedly repudiated by the Republican party, whose own chairman has denounced him as an exponent of bad government and a man seeking to destroy his own party.

It is Frank Hubbell who has lost the Republican county of Bernalillo to the Republican party. It is Frank Hubbell who has disrupted it, who keeps it disrupted, who keeps Republicans voting for Democratic candidates. It is Frank Hubbell whose Republican papers such as the Las Vegas Optic have denounced for "treacherously killing" the party; it is Frank Hubbell who was deposed removed from office by a Republican governor, on charges preferred by a Republican district attorney, who is one of the strongest party men and one of the most respected in the state. It is Frank Hubbell who has openly and secretly fought the Republican organization when he found it expedient. Frank Hubbell has always been for Frank Hubbell, with a little personal following he has been a continual stumbling block and handicap for the Republican party and now as candidate for the highest office he has brought it further into disrepute and disgrace. Frank Hubbell is not the candidate of the rank and file of Republicans of New Mexico. Republican after Republican of prominence and influence has announced his determination to vote for any Democrat in preference to him. His nomination, forced on the party by dishonest machine methods, was a slap in the face to Republicans in New Mexico.

It has been Republicans who have repeatedly repudiated Frank Hubbell in his home county. Republicans and a Republican newspaper which put him out of business as county boss. It is the duty of the Republicans of New Mexico to put him clear out of politics at the coming election. Hubbell is an impossible load for the party and it would shed him now if it is to make good before the people.

H. O. Bursum has never represented Republican principles in this state. H. O. Bursum, who after one stinging repudiation, clings tenaciously to the hope of squeezing into the governorship, has always been the embodiment and the whip and the instrument of a small coterie of un-Republican bosses and corporate representatives. He is now the candidate of Fall, of the Phelps-Dodge corporations, of Hawkins, of the Phelps-Dodge corporations, whose name is immor-

tal by reason of the Hawkins bill; he is the candidate of the same old un-Republican ring with which he has been closely affiliated for twenty years. He is the Bursum of lawless Republican legislative majorities; the Bursum of elected minority members; the Bursum under whose reign as county boss inefficiency and incompetency and worse have prevailed in Socorro county; the Bursum of wild animal bounty fame; the Bursum who doesn't pay his taxes; the Bursum of the disastrous Bursum tax law, the Bursum of the Springer-Hawkins mine tax law, the Bursum who has been hand in glove with the millionaire corporations of northern New Mexico; the Bursum of special interests, an isolated with men notorious for their political rottenness; the Bursum who passes special laws for his own vindication; the Bursum who made a spectacular failure of the job of head of the New Mexico penitentiary; the Bursum who in this campaign has told lie after lie, brazenly before the people, whose defense has been libel suits, whose minions attempt to violate the law to punish fearless newspapers, who abrogate the legal rights of citizens in a frantic attempt to hide the Bursum record.

Republicans of New Mexico, is this your Republicanism? Was it YOUR choice to head the ticket with the two weakest candidates, both men removed from office by Republican governors and repudiated at the polls through the votes of Republicans? Is this organization, headed by a man who has publicly denounced both the candidates, your idea of Republicanism? Do you think your party is ever going to get anywhere, to have any standing or prestige at home or abroad, if you allow men like this to run it, to head it, to dictate its nominations, to foist candidates like Gregory Page of Gallup, and Malachias Martinez of Taos, upon you?

This organization has made you the goat. It has made the name of Republicanism synonymous with everything undesirable in politics and in government. It has given you nothing but leads to carry and scandals to cover up. It has capped the climax by handing you a bunch of candidates who have to be whitewashed, for whom you can't vote without holding your nose. Is this the best there is in the Republican party of New Mexico? Is this the constructive-legislation, efficiency party which you were brought up to believe the Republican party is?

There is only one thing for Republicans to do and that is to clean out this gang for good and all. Until they do, until the party is renovated, until it has a new deal and new leaders, it is doomed to nothing but disaster and defeat in this state. And there isn't a Republican in the state who is honest and frank with himself who doesn't admit it.

Watch Out

The Republican campaign bureau has so far filled the mails with as spectacular a collection of brazen and audacious lies as were ever peddled in a New Mexico political contest.

They have been such conspicuous lies that every one has helped the candidate against whom it was directed. Whenever the bureau has attempted to throw mud at a Democrat, it has simply engulfed itself in a geyser and bespattered leaders of the Republican party.

It is always the custom for persons conducting a campaign of this kind—Mr. Fall's "gentlemanly campaign" to reserve the blackest mud for the last.

So prevalent has been this custom that the voters have come to discredit nearly anything of a specially calumnious nature sprung just before election. It will do no harm, however, to warn them again this year of what will probably be turned loose by the Republicans in the last days of the campaign. They started with the Gillenwater letter about Mr. Burkhardt and Bursum's flimsy lies in his speech of acceptance; with that start you can judge what the finish will probably be.

And they are desperate. Remember always that this is their last ditch. Men fighting for their political lives, when they are men of this stamp, don't stop for trifles. Keep this in mind when election day draws near.

A Serious Blow

The upheaval in the Republican ranks in San Miguel county, and the fusion of a powerful element of the Republican party in that county with the Democrats is a serious blow to Republican hopes in this campaign.

San Miguel county is the keystone in the Republican arch. Its heavy majorities are the basis of Republican calculations on victory. With the Republican majorities in San Miguel county split squarely in two, the party faces nothing less than disaster. With Margarito Romero, the one member of the Romero family who has never stood for the Romero methods, heading a revolt with a thousand Independent Republicans behind him, pledged to support a fusion ticket under the Democratic emblem, the Republicans are robbed of their main stronghold and a tremendous breach has been made in their defenses.

But this isn't all. Bernalillo, Sandoval, Mora, Torrance and Santa Fe counties are counted on for heavy Republican majorities. In every one of these counties the Independent Republicans have revolted and joined forces with the Republicans. Frank Hubbell will be beaten in his own county. In Santa Fe county there is no doubt of the defeat of the Old Guard. The Republican Torrance county majority has gone glimmering. Sandoval will defeat the stand-patters and Mora will blast Republican hopes. Altogether the situation, through the determined attitude of the Independent Republicans looks worse and worse for the G. O. P.—and no one is to blame for the alarming and disastrous defections but the men who forced the nomination of men like Bursum and Hubbell and Gregory Page on the party against the wishes and in defiance of the sentiment of the rank and file.

The Republican organization dug its own grave when it placed Frank A. Hubbell and H. O. Bursum, its weakest candidates, its most indefensible candidates, its removed and repudiated candidates, at the head of the ticket.

The record of H. O. Bursum the man is bad enough, in all conscience. But it is not so much Bursum the man from whom this state and territory has suffered as from the machine of which he is a cog. It is not so much Bursum the man which this state would have to fear with him as governor, as Bursum the cog in the machine. The Bursum methods in legislation; the Bursum methods in county government; the Bursum methods in building roads, in paying taxes, in using the law-making body supported by the taxpayers for private and political ends—these are not only the Bursum ideas; they are the ideas of the political organization of which he is an integral part, for which he has been the faithful spokesman and servant for all his political career in this state. In fighting the Republican candidate for governor we are not fighting merely a man named Bursum; we are fighting the personification and the visible manifestation of the invisible government.

The Man and the Machine

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Think of the impudence of it—salaries representatives of multimillionaire corporations, not elected to any office, camping in Santa Fe when legislatures meet and writing our laws; calmly arrogating to themselves, these corporation hirelings, the prerogatives of the people of New Mexico, to make their own laws through their chosen representatives.

Think of the marvel of your own complaisance when you let these men, representing immense aggregations of capital, smoothly step in and write laws to suit the purposes of themselves and the millions which employ them. Think of the unspeakable absurdity of the theory that such men come here at the expense of their corporations to write laws for the benefit of the mass of the people, of the little taxpayers, of the man on the street.

And, Mr. Taxpayer, did you ever think what these men must think of you, to allow them to thus calmly take out of your hands your own public business and manage it to suit themselves and their masters; to draft laws, for Mr. Bursum to pass, enabling nineteen million dollar corporations to escape with a sixth of their valuation assessed for taxation; enabling enormously rich combinations of capital to hold tremendous deposits of mineral free from taxation while your little farm or your little stock of merchandise must bear its share of the burden year in and year out, in bad seasons and in good seasons, in hard times and prosperous times!

It is not Bursum personally which this state has to fear; it is Bursum as the tool and the instrument whereby such men as these control your government, and dictate how you shall pay for it while they reap the benefit and secure the protection at the minimum of cost.

It is the outrageous economic injustice, the cynical selfishness which such men represent that galls the citizen of moderate means who cannot command the influence and the power to lighten his burdens as can the men with the millions.

The public records of your own state show how consistent, how faithful and dependable Mr. Bursum has been as a servant of the rich, a legislative medium for the corporations, an agent for predatory wealth, a floor leader for corrupt political influences, a tool of bosses, a puppet of the Invisible Government; an Invisible Government which has become so indifferent to the public that it doesn't care much whether it is visible or not.

The most important piece of legislation desired by the people at the last session of the state lawmakers was a law equalizing taxation and distributing the burden more justly.

They elected men whom they thought would give them such a law.

They paid these men to give them such a law.

And yet they got their law, not from these paid servants of the public, but from Charles Springer, treasurer of a nineteen million dollar corporation; from W. A. Hawkins, paid representative of other corporations capitalized at many millions; and from H. O. Bursum.

Did you, Mr. Taxpayer, elect Charles Springer to write your laws?

Did you, Mr. Taxpayer, employ W. A. Hawkins for this purpose?

Did you, Mr. Taxpayer, employ H. O. Bursum for this purpose? Did you elect him to any office in the last state law-making body? Did you give these men power of attorney to write a law and put it on the statute books in their own selfish interests that you might be the goat? Is it your arrangement that a nineteen million dollar corporation is assessed at a sixth of its value while your little property goes in at its full valuation?

Have you had about enough of this kind of volunteer lawmakers, who, without warrant or authority or commission from the people of this state, step in and run the government; who now seek to put their puppet and their faithful servant at the head of it?

The message to New Mexico embodied in the candidacy of H. O. Bursum is not merely the menace of a man of false promises and undesirable political record, methods and ideals; at the head of the state government; it is the menace of the corporation-political machine that he represents; that he has always represented since he has been prominent in New Mexico politics.

It is the old, old question as to whether popular government must give place to government by moneyed oligarchy; whether public service must give way to private gain and the fattening of plethoric fortunes at the expense of the small means of thousands struggling to make a livelihood.

It is simply a question, Mr. Taxpayer, of whether you and the thousands of your fellow citizens who are neither rich nor powerful, are going to run your state as your own business, or whether you are going to sign your rights over to political pirates and greedy corporations.

H. O. Bursum has chosen the corporations instead of you; his service to them is an open book, from the time he passed the notorious Hawkins bill for them years ago to the present, when your statute books bear on their freshest pages the obnoxious taxation law and the obnoxious mine tax law drawn up by Charles Springer and W. A. Hawkins, paid representatives of two of the richest corporations in the United States; both laws drawn up to give these rich corporations the best of it; drawn up by men paid not by the people but by the corporations; men whom the people did not ask to frame these laws; corporation lobbyists pure and simple, presuming to write laws and to say to the people of the state, here, swallow this and that; one law bearing the name of H. O. Bursum; both laws for and passed by H. O. Bursum, the medium through which the corporations control the legislature; the Bursum who has had the inufferable temerity to come up before the people this year and say that "the corporations are against him!"

Bursum has been faithful to his masters. Now he wants his reward.

And right, let them reward him. But let them give him one of their own jobs. Don't ask out your state and turn over its highest official position to these corporations to give to Bursum on a silver platter as his reward for faithful service.

They have stolen your lawmaking power from you, these corporations; they have stolen your tax-fixing power from you to feather their own nests; they have saddled you, Mr. Taxpayer, with the burden of the government. Now they would steal its honors and emoluments and turn them over to their own servant as his reward.

Are you going to stand for it, Mr. Taxpayer?

Is this all your new state and your vaunted liberties mean to you?

Are you going voluntarily deeper into slavery to these millionaires?

You can settle this question decisively on the seventh of November.

Disinfecting the Party

"I believe the New Mexican editorial of yesterday addressed to Republicans should be brought to the attention of every party man in the state," said a leading Republican of Santa Fe, one of the city's most prominent business men, today. "What we Republicans need to do is to disinfect the party. It has become a menace to the public political health. It needs to be fumigated. It is like a man suffering from an infectious disease; it has a sound constitution at bottom, but needs to be cured."

All decent Republicans should put on their rubber gloves and their "white wing" uniforms and help in the disinfection process at the coming election. The disease can be cured now, if taken in time; if allowed to progress further it is quite likely to become mortal. And the first thing to do is to bury the political corpses.

Who Escapes?

Out of a billion dollars' worth of property in private ownership in this state, a third of a billion, as a result of Republican law-making, is on the tax rolls. Approximately seven-tenths escapes all taxation and three-tenths carries the burden.

Who is it, by virtue of Republican laws, that escapes taxation?

Is it you, Mr. Small Business Man, Mr. Small Farmer, Mr. Workingman?

The County Ticket

The fusion county ticket in Santa Fe county, offers the people of Santa Fe and vicinity a change to "break away" from the old gang that has ruled them for so long. It is one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to the people of any county in the state. It is tremendously important that the people of Santa Fe county elect the fusion ticket by an overwhelming majority. Present indications are that they will do so; and that the old crowd will receive a staggering blow, after its many years of undisputed power, after it has run things at its own sweet will regardless of public welfare or efficient public service for so these many years.

It is high time Santa Fe county had a change. Every voter should grasp at this opportunity to bring about a change. The fusion ticket is composed of men who stand for a new deal in this county. We have been saddled with graft and inefficiency and incompetence and sloth, with dirty old guard Republican politics for years; the county has been a political football for the Republican ring; the county court houses have been under the undisputed command of one little political boss, a man whom no business man would hire as office boy; this little boss and the big boss for whom he runs the county have simply had the county in their pocket; they have dictated elections, they have terrorized and bullied the voters, they have exploited the native people heartlessly and ruthlessly; the county and the city have been cogs in a pin-political machine that has held Santa Fe back from progress and development; men have been given offices of authority and trust whom you wouldn't trust as far as you can throw a cow by the tail; the public safety has been in the hands of men who either jeopardize it or will not lift a hand to secure it; brutal crimes have gone unpunished, those entrusted with the enforcement of law have betrayed the law; the only thing needed as a protection against punishment or reproof for political reward is to be one of the gang.

Now we have a chance to change this situation. We have a chance to get out of the rut, the taxpayer has a chance to get a run for his money.

Every time you get a man into county office who doesn't take orders from the bosses, you put in a wedge that helps to raise the head of politics off county affairs.

Every time you uproot one of these Republican political weeds you have a better chance to get the wealth of your taxes and a better chance to make the favored boss pay his share of the taxes.

Every little bit added to what you get makes a little bit more, and more is what we need.

JABS in the Solar Plexus

HOW DID THEY MISS 'EM?

Old gang letters
Tied with ribbon blue—
Letters to a vindicator
Bure once thought true;
Edgely we read them
Though it gives them pain
Mayhap gayly print them—
Letters
Safe and sane!

Old gang letters,
Some one didn't burn,
Letters of the days when
We one gave a darn;
Alas—they were forgotten
In dusty pigeon-holes—
Old gang letters
In stacks and boxes and rolls!

FIXIT CHARLEY

When the G. O. P.
Official, he,
Got into woe and grief,
In his distress
An S. O. S.
Was sent out for relief;
When the amounts
Of his accounts
Would not adjudge
He didn't parley
But called on Charley
To come and investigate,
Oh, where is Charley?
Some one call Charley—
We're needing Charley badly in our biz;
Boy, go page Charley—
Quickly hurry Charley,
For Charley is the only boy what is;
When Bursum had
A can tied on
He didn't fume and fuss;
He went right to
His legisla-

Ture for to fix the muss;
He whispered in
The solons' ear
That he had suffered wrong—
The solons lifted up their voice—
This was the solons' song:
Oh, where is Charley?
Now, who's seen Charley?
For Charley is the answer to this
Whence;

Go hurry Charley—
No-bil-ize Charley—
For Charley is the boy for
Wrong like these.

A TIME PIECE

When Mr. Page
Essayed to stop
The Legislative Clock,
He caught old Zeko
De Baka's eye;
And suffered quite a shock;
The clock ticked on
But held its hands
Close up before its face;
But its maiming bust
In deep disgust
At the Subterfuge
Disgraced!

It's Uncle Gregory—
While Ribbon Gregory—
He wants to put a crimp
In Al. K. Hall;
It's Uncle Gregory—
The same old Gregory—
Who never stopped the senate
Clock at all!

WE UNDERSTAND Wilson also forced Germany to abandon submarine warfare.

IT WOULD, of course, be disrespectful to intimate that Baker is not voting the sentiments of his chief.

WITH WHAT particular Mexican bandit would Secretary Baker compare Andrew Jackson?

AMMUNITION OUTWEIGHS GAME (Tucsonian American.)

There has been a carload of ammunition fired at the Rocky mountain quail in this vicinity in the last week. From the reports of the success hunters have been meeting with it is safe to say that ammunition wasted would easily outweigh the quail.

ANOTHER HICK There is a Hick With whom I rough it; I mean the one Who calls it "Buffet."

—Luka McLuka

HOW ABOUT INA BUTTER? We are going to have a Beauty Contest in the Club. Ina Fairchild, of Urbana, O., has already been entered.—Exchange.

THE NEW FREEDOM To Whom It May Concern: I will not be responsible for bets contracted by my wife on and after November 7.—T. Bone Hayer, Kansas City, Kan.

LOUDER MR. BURSUM (speaking from the rostrum)—"and I am for the common people; for this—"

CHARLEY SPRINGER (prompting from the wings)—"For the working man."

BURSUM—"For the workingman, for the common; for the common—the common—"

CHARLEY (sotto voce)—"Greaser."

BURSUM—"For the Common Greaser, is the Common Greaser opposing me? He is not, my friends, I am being fought by the—by the—"

HAWKINS (prompting from the wings)—"By the Grasping Corporations."

BURSUM—"Sure, sure, my friends and fellow citizens, it is the corporations—the Grasping Corporations—which are opposing my election."

(Loud Applause, led by Senator Fall.)

AND THEN they wonder, the Grasping Gillenwaters do, that the dear people are giving them what is technically known as the equine cachinnation.